

MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle

DICKY LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT EARTH WORMS.

DICKY was just about to step on a great, long earth worm when a tiny hand caught hold of his leg and held it tightly.

"What're you going to do," cried a squeaky voice, and Dicky looked down to see a tiny little elfin looking up at him. "What do you want to step on him for?" he asked.

"It's nothing but an old earth worm, anyway," replied Dicky, kicking the soft dirt with his foot.

"Certainly it's a worm, but as long as it wasn't hurting you, why should you step on it?" said the little elfin.

"Nosh!" exclaimed Dicky. "Now it's gone under that stone and we can't see it. I didn't really think what I was doing. I'm sorry."

"Good!" cried the tiny elfin, and he gave Dicky such a rap on his leg that it made him close his eyes, and when he opened them again he was almost as tiny as the elfin himself. "Now we'll sit real still and maybe Mr. Worm will come out again."

They hadn't long to wait, however, until Mr. Worm once more wiggled out from under the stone. He wriggled out into the sunshine, pressed a long tube of dirt out of his body, and crawled back under the stone again.

"Now, what in the world do you suppose he's doing?" whispered Dicky. "Where did he get that dirt he left in that pile?"

"Why, out of the ground, of course," laughed the tiny elfin. "The only way



"We'll Sit Real Still."

worms have of building their homes is to crawl down into the ground, fill up their bodies with the dirt, bring it up on the outside and dump it. They simply use their bodies as baskets."

"Oh, how funny!" laughed Dicky. "I've often seen those little piles of dirt around tiny holes, but I always thought the ants had done it. So that's the way Mr. Worm does?"

"Just it," replied the tiny elfin. "Why, if folks only knew it, worms, earth worms, are the best friends I've ever seen great fields that were stony and hard become rich and fine by the workings of the earth worms. They make the earth fine and loose by pinching it off with their mouths. Then when they keep bringing the rich soil from below and placing it on top of the ground it soon enriches the soil, and everything planted on it grows beautifully."

"Well, the very idea!" exclaimed Dicky as Mr. Worm wiggled out from under the stone and once more emptied out his dirt and wiggled back again. "If that's the case I wouldn't call them just old, useless worms. I should say we need them."

"Right you are!" laughed the tiny elfin. "The earth worm, though small and weak, has the power to help build the world, and little boys and girls should think twice before they step on him." Before Dicky could blink his eyes the little elfin disappeared.

Dicky spent the biggest part of the morning watching the busy little worker, and when his tiny friend told him what the house for lunch he told her what the elfin had told him.



To tomorrow's

HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, OCT. 19-20.

Sunday holds little promise of being an important or satisfactory day, although the soundest astrological advice is to avoid all worldly activities and devote all efforts to spiritual or mystical employments, as dangers threaten in worldly affairs. Avoid law and accidents; see to the health. Those whose birthday it is should be cautious and careful in all affairs. A child born on this day will be impulsive, rash and headstrong.

Monday's sidereal influences are operating for fortunate and happy circumstances along all lines of human interest. There will be quite a bit of business activity with transactions quickened under the Lunar sextile to Mercury and reaching a successful financial turn under the Lunar sextile to Jupiter. All affairs should feel the warmth and potency of Sol parallel Saturn. Social, domestic and affectional matters will benefit under the Lunar conjunction of Venus. Those whose birthday it is may look forward to a successful, prosperous and happy year. A child born on this day will be kind, affectionate, popular and clever.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Madge Saw and Heard When She Awoke.

LONG after Dicky slept I lay awake hugging to my heart the comforting, comprehending assurance of support which my husband had given me when I had told him of the trouble in connection with Milly Stockbridge's death.

It had been a revelation to me of a trait in my husband's character for which I had not given him credit. Much of the terror with which the incidents following the death of my principal's wife had invested me had its roots in the ever-present question: "What would Dicky say if he knew?"

Now he knew, and instead of blaming me his only thought had been of how best to protect me from whatever threatened. When I finally fell asleep my last waking thought was one of grateful happiness mingled with self-reproach at not having understood my husband better.

When I awoke the sun was streaming through the windows, and the room was filled with sounds of delighted baby chuckles. I rose on one elbow to see Dicky capering around the floor in his pajamas, playing bear, elephant and other equally amusing roles for the benefit of his small son, who—an adorable, flushed vision—was holding himself up by the bars of his crib and crowing with delight.

Welcoming Arms.

"Mornin' Lady!" Dicky sprang to his feet, made me a sweeping bow. "We are now giving our celebrated impersonations, recovered through several continents, of the leading wild and domestic animals. If there is any particular specimen which you would like to see or hear, our only aim is to please. Your son's taste is somewhat varied, but he seems to like the dog's bow-wow and the lion's roar as well as anything."

The baby spied me at this juncture, and suddenly disdaining all other blandishments, put out his hands entreatingly and showed the tiny teeth of which we were all so foolishly proud in an entrancing, blinding grin. Dicky looked at him reproachfully.

"Care you to be it?" he demanded of the surrounding atmosphere. "Here I spend oodles of valuable time and talent in a high-class entertainment for this young man's benefit while you simply snore your head off, and then at your slightest look he hands me the icy mitt!"

"Dicky!" I protested half-laughing, half-indignant. "I don't snore. You know I don't. And please give me Junior right away or he'll cry."

"Pardon me," I said, "but a rapid breather. Is that it?" Dicky teased, but he swung Junior high in his arms and growling and babbling and coming to me, I cuddled him closely, almost fiercely, for I never have gotten over the wonder of having his tender little body in my arms, and spoke over his head to Dicky.

Dicky's Vow.

"Do you think I don't value the safe position of my head where it rests at present on my shoulders?" Dicky replied. "But I warn you, you're not going to have him first, either. We'll just perform that little ceremony to—"

He dropped to his knees by the bedside and slipped an arm around my shoulders. The baby cuddled between us, looking up at us as if he knew something special was on hand.

"Now, you on that cheek, I on this," I said, and then, with infinite care and tenderness, each kissed a kiss upon the rosy cheeks of our baby.

"One," we said simultaneously, then with a remembrance of nursery lore I

added smilingly: "And now, one to grow on."

The ceremony completed, Dicky looked at me teasingly. "If I remember rightly," he said, "it is also customary to give a child 'one to get married on.'"

He bent his head toward the baby and said: "My dear little fellow, I advise you to steer clear of your mother."

"I—I didn't mean to be silly, Dicky," I said, and then, to tears, and furiously angry with myself for my nervousness.

My husband cast a keen glance at me, then bent down, lifting both strong arms around the baby and me.

"It's rather adorable silliness, beloved," he said tenderly. "At least I think I'm one of those most deeply interested. And just let me tell you something to remember. I'm about the happiest man in the world today, and it's all you and the little chap here. Please God I'm going to take good care of you both always."

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THE HAT QUESTION

By Juanita Hamel



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A HAT on the head is worth a dozen in the shop window." That's the attitude oftentimes, if not the actual thought of the young dimpled person who sallies forth in her new winter bonnet (usually sometime along about the middle of the hottest of the summer months). Every girl knows that sort of feeling. What the

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WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Those Who Sulk

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THERE is a man in a certain western state who is getting a divorce from his wife.

He has lived with her for 28 years. There are two children and a comfortable home. But the other day, when the man came home from a business trip and put on a new suit of clothes, his wife said he was going out to meet a girl or he wouldn't take so much pains to dress up. And the man told her that he was too old to think about girls, and his wife said that no man was ever too old to be an old fool—and so the man has applied for a divorce.

He says that his wife lived apart from him for four years once, and once she lived in the house with him for six years and wouldn't speak a word. He could stand all that, but he could not stand being called a flirt.

What an odd person! Now, you know, it seems to me that I could stand being called a flirt—I'd be quite flattered by it, perhaps—if I were old enough and uply enough. I could even stand having my wife live away from me for four years if I were a man and had that kind of a wife.

I know a woman who was asked in the presence of a company of strangers whether her husband was living, and the woman threw back her head and said:

"Not with me, thank goodness!"

I rather sympathized with her point of view, for I happened to know her husband.

But this not-speaking business—that I could not, would not and should not stand, not for one single 24 hours!

I'd rather have a man come home with an axe and break every window in the house and accuse me of every crime in the decalogue than to sit one evening with a man in the sulks.

Bad temper is bad enough, a quick tongue is an infliction, and a hasty disposition is apt to make those who have to live with it take hasty resolutions for sudden trips away from home. But I'd rather live with the worst temper in the world than to exist for one week under the same roof with one of those persons who sulk and pout, and think they are punishing you by a dignified silence.

Not Dignified—Sullen

They aren't dignified at all. They're just sullen. And if I had a husband like that I'd either box his ears or make him box mine and be done with it, rather than to stand a dose of the pouts every time I happened to do something he didn't like.

Temper? Oh, there are worse things in the world than a little temper, now and then. Of course, no one likes to live with a snapping turtle or to abide in attempted peace and comfort with a wolf in human form, but a little flash in the pan doesn't do any particular hurt now and then, and sometimes there's nothing like a good sharp thunder storm to clear the air.

We are all human, and we all have to show our human failings once in a while—what I hate about the sullen man or the sulky woman is that they are wrong in two ways.

They are not ashamed of being sulky—they are proud of it. They think they are being proud or reserved or something—and then their ill-doing lasts so long—that's the worst thing about it.

And "wait," although I have many girl friends, and I give boys just "some" of my thoughts, but sometimes it keeps one guessing how other girls "get better."

SERIOUS MARY: And that is the way you feel about it? My dear, little serious Mary just remember that the best class of merchandise requires the least advertising, and that the best-hearted girls do not secure their beaux by what you call flitting. Make yourself as worth while that you will not need to "sit at home" and wait. The girls who most or who you court are not the ones who marry most successfully. And the world needs single women, you know, just as much as married ones. It is no longer considered queer to remain single.

And I do find it real hard to sit home

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Operations On the Skull Now Yield Amazing Brain Benefits

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

IN days of old, when dragons were bold and magician wielded their sway, fairies, spirits, witches and goblin

Nowadays these matters are done otherwise. Skillful surgeons with knives, lancets and scalpels instead of wands turn imbeciles into philosophers, changeling into pretty maidens, and criminals into honest person

Recently there took place at Johns Hopkins Hospital a remarkable operation upon an 11-year-old boy who had not been normal since infancy. The operating surgeon brought to light the fact that there were number of little cysts or tumor-like swellings pressing upon the child's brain and with patience and painstaking detail carried out his wonderful brain operation.

The tumors were discovered in the dura or sack which lines the skull and surrounds the brain. They were removed and mental and physical health for the young patient was the reward.

Numerous mental patients have since been benefited by an operation on the brain. One 12-year-old patient had been bed-ridden from birth and blind. After the operation on his brain he began to walk and to see, and since improved still more.

When another little patient came into this world just four years and ten months ago he was a tiny bit of humanity with an unusually small head. Month after month passed and the baby did not improve. The parents of the child sought medical aid and were told that their baby was suffering from spinal trouble.

Room for Brain.

Medial or surgical aid seemed out of the question to the unhappy parents until one day last winter the operating surgeon was summoned to attend a friend of the parents of the afflicted child. The mother, with her baby, was calling upon this friend at the time. When the surgeon noticed the child he asked its age, and remarked that the size of the skull was that of a 2-year-old.

In conversation with the mother the surgeon said the only hope for the little chap was an operation on its skull. The mother was informed that if the child's brain were permitted to expand by opening the skull her son would doubtless become normal. The outcome of the conference was that the child

was taken to a hospital and operated on. The child remained in the hospital three weeks, when it then returned to its home, where it remained for a month or so, when it was again taken to the hospital and the second operation performed. This time the child remained in the institution six weeks.

Remarkable Operations.

The first operation consisted of lifting the scalp and making two incisions, one on either side of the head, through the skull. The second operation was a third incision across the skull, forward of the center. The last operation was of an especially dangerous character because the incision must be made over the sinus, the great blood carrier which is just beneath the skull.

A noted French surgeon, Dr. Lapointe, was one of the first to perform an operation on the skull for the purpose of permitting the brain to expand. His method was to make the two incisions on either side of the skull and one extending down either side of the skull.

A far more remarkable operation is that performed by an American physician, Dr. Silas C. Blandell, because of the extreme care that must be exercised in cutting across the skull.

An operation of the kind performed by Dr. Blandell only may be successfully performed on children up to 7 years of age. And to be a success the child, mentally deficient because of a small skull, must have brains of quality.

ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS

W. M. C. Q.—What can I do for dandruff?

A—Massage a little of the following into your scalp three times a week: Sulphur..... 10 grains Resorcin..... 10 grains Salicylic acid..... 10 grains Sulphate of quinine..... 10 grains Petroleum..... 1 ounce

J. Q.—Would you please tell me what to do for my neck? It always looks so yellow, and when I wear white it looks terrible.

A—Rice powder and chlorate of potash may bleach it.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Explains How Several Different Colors May Be Effectively Combined.

OUR debutante gowns are especially lovely this year," said Madame in answer to an inquiry from Mrs. Marshall, who had brought her daughter in to choose some frocks for her first season.

"I'd like to see some colorful dinner gowns," Mrs. Marshall said.

"Dinner gowns and all other evening dresses were never more colorful than they are this year," Madame replied. "Pale tones when used are contrasted with bits of color in narrow folds or bands and girdles are seldom monotone. They usually carry three contrasts of color. Richings, ribbons and hand-made flowers all convey brilliancy of color that is very, very charming."

"A favorite model of mine," Madame continued, "is made of hyacinth and mauve crepe chiffon, which furnish a background for wonderful color tones in red violet, red orange, turquoise blue and green."

"Oh, Madame," exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, "that sounds quite terrible to me. All those colors jumbled together. If I had not heard you say it was lovely I couldn't believe a gown carrying so many shades would be attractive."

"A line of color is like a dash of flavoring," Mrs. Marshall replied. "You taste it and get a charming impression without its being so obvious. Just wait and see what you think of."

"There is the surprise bodice and overskirt of mauve, the pinkish purple you see. The red-violet ruchings are repeated on the short sleeves and on the edge of the overskirt. I know you can observe all this," said Madame, "but I am drawing your attention to the details of the color. The wrappings and sandals on the skirt and corsage are red-violet and red-orange flowers, hand-wrought from taffeta, and entwined with a few jade green leaves."

"Exquisite, exquisite," breathed Mrs. Marshall.

"Now we come to the skirt," said Madame. "The skirt is red-violet taffeta strapped with ivory, and the lower line is orange, showing straps of lemon and green on the long saffron end."

"I never could have believed that so many colors would be so lovely together," said Mrs. Marshall.

"Of course, you know that red and blue make purple," said Madame, "and I have just taken the various degrees of these colors to produce this dress, the



Hyacinth and Mauve Chiffon Are Combined with Other Shades in This Dinner Gown.

only digression being found in the orange, lemon and green touches, and the orange carries lots of red also. And turquoise is blue made greenish, as there you are," said Madame.

"I must have this gown," said Mrs. Marshall with girlish enthusiasm.